

young Carl and with her denial of his theory on the basis that he knows with that Carl and why it was down, and that he is not certain if his theory is correct Carl could have no hand in the case.

Three investigations were conducted independently of one another while it was recovering from my wound," said he. "and each of them pointed toward the same man, one I suspected myself. He is a man whom I befriended in many ways and with whom I had had business relations, but I have not endeavored to have him prosecuted, as I believe he was crazy when he attacked me and I am certain I am safe from further trouble at his hands."

THINKS OTHERS WERE BEHIND THE WOMAN.

The case has caused several popular reports about the arrest of young Carl. In the first place Prosecutor Pope has announced that he is not completely satisfied with Carl's story and has instructed him to believe others than the woman mentioned by Carl were implicated.

The fact he has allowed to be gathered from the few hints he has thrown out is that between rivals of little were primarily responsible for the attempt on his life, and that while Carl's story may be true, he was employed as an ignorant tool, drawn to the task by a woman's false story of injury at the hands of Carl.

Pope's opinion is based, probably, not on any evidence which has come to him as on suspicion, and the fact that he formerly was Carl's private counsel is taking into consideration by those who believe in his deductions.

The report that the woman could not be prosecuted even were Carl's story substantiated because the crime of conspiracy is outlawed after two years in New Jersey, was explained today. Carl says that until the last of January, 1913, he received instalments of the \$500 which he says was paid him for the attempt on his life.

It was not Mr. Ellis who engaged the detective. That was done by John A. Sweeney, a millionaire contractor, who lives near Bernardsville and is a student of criminology and an amateur detective. He has been deeply interested in the case ever since the shooting, and it is understood he has forced the Philadelphia bills. He said:

"I have not yet received the final report of the detective, so I cannot comment upon the confession of the prisoner. But I am confident that the very investigation was done thoroughly and in a proper manner. I will have more to say later."

In spite of the detailed story given out by the Prosecutor and the private detective several curious circumstances remain unexplained.

SUFFER AS TO HOW HE WAS LED TO THE OFFICE.

One thing, Prosecutor Pope admitted that young Carl had confessed only after a good deal of questioning that had taken place Wednesday evening until 11 o'clock of yesterday. On the other hand, the Philadelphia in a newspaper statement given out at their press conference declared that one of their officers had warned the story out of the mouth of the man himself, although he was not arrested until several days later.

Mr. Kelly, the man employed in the Philadelphia office, could not be seen. His name was said to be too deeply distressed over Carl's predicament to discuss it. Mr. M. D. Wilson, her closest friend, spoke for her. He said:

"It is ridiculous to say that Mr. Kelly told this. I hope no one thinks she is the woman referred to in this so-called confession. If she had over suffered any wrong she would have told it to her own mother, who lived here with her at the time, not to her neighbor."

"I think this poor girl has been kept almost day and night until he'd say anything to be allowed to go to sleep. He was a splendid young fellow, with only one fault of staying out too late at night. He didn't even know his way about Bernardsville or Reading Ridge last January, 1913, long after the shooting. I am going to take care of his name and engage a lawyer for him."

Carl was handcuffed last evening to the Prosecutor and the private detective, twenty miles in an automobile from Bernardsville to the Philadelphia office. There Mr. Ellis and Mrs. Ellis met him and his officers, and there was a long conference.

It was after this that Ellis said the statements were "all set," and Mrs. Ellis became so distressed that she had to be taken home. She returned to the jail after the interview.

Prosecutor Pope said that he had instructed Carl's story and found nothing in it that would lead to any heavy blow for the youth. He said he should ask that he be held in at least \$100 to await the action of the Grand Jury, which meets in April.

YOUNG FLAT ROBBER SOLVES 15 MYSTERIES

Makes a Confession of Thefts and is Held With Two Companions.

By the confession of Samuel Cutler, known in the neighborhood of his home at No. 4 East One Hundred and Twenty street, as "Black Hand," the police have solved the mystery of fifteen recent flat robberies in Harlem, and have recovered \$1,000 worth of the \$2,000 worth of goods reported stolen. They believe that Cutler, who is twenty-one years old, is the chief of a band of flat robbers ranging from eighteen to twenty years old.

Detective Quinlan, of the East One Hundred and Fourth street station, saved the way for the arrest of Cutler and three of his friends by questioning Joseph Levine, of No. 184 East One Hundred and Twenty street, who was going to pawn a bundle of clothing at No. 184 Third avenue.

Levine protested he was only a messenger for a night, but at last admitted that the clothes were stolen and gave the detective the names of Cutler, Frank Lipschitz, otherwise "Young Jack," a hoodlum of No. 100 East One Hundred and Twenty street, and Paul Liebman, of No. 180 Eighth avenue.

ABLE-BODIED MEN MUST WORK FOR FOOD AND A BED

City Will Take Care of All the Homeless, but Will Fool the Shirks.

POLISHING UP STREETS.

Mayor Mitchel Adopts Rule to Make City Bountiful Also City Beautiful.

Fearing that too many announcements of New York's ability and intention to care for its poor may bring the shirkers from every corner of the universe, Mayor Mitchel proposes that the hungry and shelterless who are able-bodied shall go forth into the highways and byways and help make the city as immaculate as it is bountiful.

One who is homeless and needs food while having good muscles will find himself a member of the auxiliary Street Cleaning Department. If he has muscles and doesn't care to use them to make this city beautiful he may look elsewhere for a "handout and a shake-down," as the knights of the road say.

"Certainly no citizen will object to the reinforcement of the Street Cleaning Department so long as there is no extra cost to the city," observes the Mayor. This plan of employing the unemployed is being worked out through the co-operation between the Departments of Charities and Street Cleaning.

"A man who does a day's work with a broom or a shovel will receive a meal and bed ticket. Will money be paid him in this way? The men are out of work and out of a home. If they are strong enough they ought to be able to do some work in return for what the city is doing for them. They will do that much at least if they are honest."

"This plan will have no effect on the Street Cleaning Department. No man will lose his job because of this sort of labor."

CARE FOR THE POOR, BUT FAKING BARRED.

"We are willing to go the limit for New York men and women who are down and out. There is no warmer hearted city in the world than this."

But the man who has lived long in this city knows that in a widely published scheme such as the opening of houses to our lodging houses unworthy persons from everywhere naturally begin to drift in.

"Primarily we want to look after the poor—the worthy poor of New York. Faking need not apply. Neither do we propose feeding the fakes of the world. No unfortunate honest man is afraid of a little work. No real hobo cares for manual labor. The physically weak will not have to work for the meal ticket and the bed. That, of course, will be adjusted by the Commissioners."

"This cooperation between the departments of Charities and Street Cleaning in only the beginning of a general scheme of co-operation of city departments. I believe, you know, that in a sense there is always a way for one department to help another."

"It is proposed that the Department of Charities should become a real, important factor in the finding of jobs for the worthy. By this I do not mean that the city proposes running an employment agency. That would be out of the question."

DOESN'T PROPOSE TO HELP OUTSIDE POOR.

The Mayor was asked if he had heard that relief tickets issued outside of New York were good for food and lodging here. He replied that if such was the case the plan must be immediately discredited.

"Have you a definite plan in mind to turn away outside poor?" the Mayor was asked.

"There is no definite plan that I know of," replied the Mayor. "All that I can say is that if I could I would wish outside applicants for help back to where they came from."

Later, the Mayor to the Municipal Lodging House and the Municipal Police House and the Mayor to the Municipal Police House and the Mayor to the Municipal Police House.

Express Driver Hit by Calver Train. George Edgington, an express wagon driver, of No. 96 East street, Brooklyn, was struck by a Calver Line two-car trolley train this morning at Gravesend avenue and Eighty-ninth street, Brooklyn. His wagon was pushed along the line for a block until demolished, and Edgington fell under the wheels.

Both his legs were crushed, necessitating amputation later in Cones Island Hospital.

Girl Gypsy Here for Busy Round. Gypsy, Jan. 11—A busy round of dining and drinking faced Gypsy, who was here for the first time after being in New York for the first time.

He was to appear at the Society of Gypsies, the Columbia Society and the Dutchman County Society banquet to-night. On Monday he will review the Seventh Regiment troops and return here that night.

AMERICAN WOMAN, WRITER IN ITALY, FOUND SHOT DEAD

Miss Eileen Giles of Philadelphia Believed Victim in Mysterious Murder.

NOBLEMAN IS SOUGHT.

Roll of Bills Clutched in Her Hand and Revolver Lay at Side in Home.

SARABRI, Island of Sardinia, Italy, Jan. 17.—Claiming to have evidence of murder, the police today abandoned the suicide theory in the death of Miss Eileen Giles, forty years old, an American writer, formerly of Philadelphia, who was shot to death late last night in her cottage here.

Miss Giles was shot through the left breast, near the heart. In her hand was clutched a roll of banknotes. On the floor near the victim was found a revolver.

The weapon near the body and the location of the death wound led the police, on superficial examination, to believe the woman novelist killed herself, but closer inspection led them to suspect murder.

The police were searching for a young Sardinian nobleman who was known to be infatuated with Miss Giles and whose advances she repulsed. The nobleman is missing from his home. At the same time the police were working on the robbery theory and looking for brigands, though the presence of the money in the dead girl's hand gave little ground for the robbery belief.

Miss Giles lived in a small cottage with her aged mother, Mrs. Browning. The mother was not at home when the girl was killed. They came to Sardinia about a year ago, Miss Giles being in search of local color for Italian novels.

MISS GILES HAD MANY FRIENDS IN PHILADELPHIA.

PHILADELPHIA, Jan. 17.—Miss Eileen Giles, the Philadelphia artist-writer whose death was reported from Sardinia, Italy, resided in this city more than twenty years ago. Friends of Miss Giles here, where her education was received, her foreign residence, was recalled, were startled at the mid-intelligence, and all sought the possibility of suicide.

In this latter position they were upheld by the statement of friends of the young woman whose efforts to clear the mystery put the Sardinian police authorities in possession of facts which made it quite plain that a crime had been committed.

She was a student at the School of Design for Women and at Bryn Mawr College.

Miss Giles had many friends in this city. For several years, during her girlhood and school days, she and her mother resided at No. 1811 Chestnut street. After she reached Italy she had kept up a correspondence with several of her former schoolmates and instructors, among them Miss Isabel Madison, dean of Bryn Mawr College.

Dean Madison received only yesterday a letter from Miss Giles. This communication is couched in cheerful tones and gives no intimation whatever of despondency or any trouble that might convey thought of suicide. Among her former associates in this city Miss Giles is recalled as a person of high refinement and idealistic temperament, and of considerable intellectual power.

Miss Giles, who was forty years old, entered the Philadelphia School of Design in 1897 when she was thirteen years old, and graduated four years later. Miss Emily Sartain, principal of the school speaks in the highest terms of her.

Miss Sartain declared she was exceptionally bright and was graduated with the highest honors. Her talent for writing being marked. Miss Sartain said she never met the girl's father, but her mother and sister made frequent trips to the school and were exceptionally interested in Eileen's work.

Mrs. Giles, mother of the dead artist, had made her home in Sardinia, Italy, for several years, and her sister, who was left behind to care for her, was a month ago, and her present whereabouts are not known. Mother and daughter while in Philadelphia are remembered for their warm mutual attachment and the absence of Mrs. Giles at this time perplexes friends in this city.

GIRL RENOUNCES POSTER.

Leaving Abnity in Alabama Willing to Return Home.

MOBILE, Ala., Jan. 17.—Delilah Bradley, the sixteen-year-old girl who posed with Joel M. Foster, millionaire poultry man of New Jersey, left here today with her father for her home in Pamber, N. J. Although early in the week she had related every effort to induce her to return home, and insisted she would stick to her forty-year-old fiancé, a married man, she was almost eager to-day for the homeward trip.

Removed from Foster's domination while a patient in the hospital here because of a threatened attack of nervous prostration, the girl experienced a sudden change of mind toward Foster. Today she was almost bitter in speaking of him.

Foster will remain in Mobile. He faces not only "white slave" charges in the Federal courts, but also a serious allegation made under the State law. Miss Bradley is out on bail as a material witness in both courts.

DIVERS SEARCH SEA BOTTOM FOR LOST SUBMARINE

Craft "A-7" of British Navy, With Eleven Men Aboard, Believed Swept Away.

BIG FLEET ON SCENE.

Warships and Tugs in Plymouth Harbor Trying to Solve Mystery of Wreck.

PLYMOUTH, England, Jan. 17.—While the Admiralty held out no hope for the survival of the eleven men somewhere on the bottom of Plymouth Sound is the lost submarine A7, search for the craft was resumed at dawn today. Every available craft in the harbor hovered about Whitland Bay, where the A7 descended early yesterday, and several heavy salvage tugs were on scene, capable of raising the submarine if she was found.

The A7 was equipped to stand submergence of not over twelve hours and for that reason the naval authorities fear the officers and crew trapped in her air died.

The rescue flotilla, made up of torpedo boats, tugs and lighters, ceaselessly dragged Whitland Bay over a wide area, because the floating buoy, placed yesterday to mark the spot where the submarine was supposed to come up, broke loose during the night. There was nothing, therefore, to indicate where the "A7" might be.

From time to time divers were sent down over every part of the bay, but up to P. M. no trace of the craft had been found.

BELIEVE TIDE SWEEP VESSEL ALONG BOTTOM.

While the tugs and torpedo boats were at work the bay was dotted with scores of small craft carrying hundreds of curious spectators, some of whom came from London to look on. The shores docks and surrounding buildings were crowded with people, some of the missing friends and relatives of the missing men, and others merely drawn by the excitement.

Shortly after the A7 failed to come up on a signal, yesterday afternoon, bubbles were reported rising from where she was supposed to be, but after that nothing was seen to indicate her position. There was a rough sea last night and a strong tide. It was considered possible that the A7 had been swept far from her original position, and for this reason the rescuers were prepared to search every foot of Whitland Bay and also to drag the entire Plymouth Channel.

Assistant District Attorney Groehl believes he has opened the way for the arrest and prosecution of a syndicate of burglars who have robbed loft buildings and warehouses and who worked in conspiracy with private watchmen, policemen and detectives.

Mr. Groehl's belief is based on a confession made to him in the Tombs by Samuel Cohen, who has been in the prison awaiting trial since Nov. 21 on a charge of robbing a brick factory. The first result of the confession was the arrest of Samuel Helman of No. 174 Orchard street on the ostensible charge that he had a stolen suit of clothes in his possession.

The detective who arrested him told Mr. Groehl that Cohen had offered \$100 to be allowed to escape on the way to the station. Later Cohen sent for the detective to come to the Tombs and asked if there was any way in which his trial could be "fixed."

The policeman replied that the District Attorney would probably make things easy for Cohen if he would give up the names of the fences to whom he and his companions sold their stolen property. Cohen at first refused, saying that he was afraid of being killed. But yesterday he sent for Mr. Groehl and told, he said, all he knew.

Helman, who is known to the police as Herman, was named as the head of the syndicate. He was arrested charged with having burglarized tools in his possession last fall, but was not held in court because the complaining witness did not appear. Yesterday he was summoned to the District Attorney's office by a subpoena and confessed knowledge of the syndicate.

"The very suit he has on," Cohen sneered, "was stolen from an office at No. 145 Duane street, Oct. 11."

Mr. Groehl sent for the owner of the suit, which had been reported stolen at that time. The merchant identified Helman's suit as his own. Detective Thomas was called in and Helman was arrested and taken before Magistrate Murphy, who held him in \$2,000 bail, which he could not furnish.

Cohen told Mr. Groehl that private watchmen have duplicate keys made to lofts where quantities of valuable silks are stored, and furnish them to members of the syndicate, with minute instructions as to ways of avoiding being caught during the robbery.

Policemen are bribed to stay away from the neighborhood, or in the event an arrest is made, are paid to present a weak case in court. Mr. Groehl refused to go into particulars, but said that Cohen has furnished him with a number of names of policemen and watchmen against whom prosecutions for bribery and aiding in robberies can be built up.

Convicted of Poisoning Fowls.

FRANKFORD-ON-MAINE, Germany, Jan. 17.—Carl Hopf, a local druggist, was sentenced to death here today on charges of killing his two children, his father and his first wife, by administering poison. He was also accused of attempting to murder his second and third wives and another person in order to obtain their insurance, which amounted to large sums.

VICTIM OF SHOOTING AND BOY WHO SAYS A WOMAN HIRED HIM.

PAUL CARL



BURGLAR SYNDICATE BRIBED POLICEMEN, MEMBER DECLARES

Swears Watchmen and Detectives Were Paid to Protect Band of Thieves.

Assistant District Attorney Groehl believes he has opened the way for the arrest and prosecution of a syndicate of burglars who have robbed loft buildings and warehouses and who worked in conspiracy with private watchmen, policemen and detectives.

Mr. Groehl's belief is based on a confession made to him in the Tombs by Samuel Cohen, who has been in the prison awaiting trial since Nov. 21 on a charge of robbing a brick factory. The first result of the confession was the arrest of Samuel Helman of No. 174 Orchard street on the ostensible charge that he had a stolen suit of clothes in his possession.

The detective who arrested him told Mr. Groehl that Cohen had offered \$100 to be allowed to escape on the way to the station. Later Cohen sent for the detective to come to the Tombs and asked if there was any way in which his trial could be "fixed."

The policeman replied that the District Attorney would probably make things easy for Cohen if he would give up the names of the fences to whom he and his companions sold their stolen property. Cohen at first refused, saying that he was afraid of being killed. But yesterday he sent for Mr. Groehl and told, he said, all he knew.

Helman, who is known to the police as Herman, was named as the head of the syndicate. He was arrested charged with having burglarized tools in his possession last fall, but was not held in court because the complaining witness did not appear. Yesterday he was summoned to the District Attorney's office by a subpoena and confessed knowledge of the syndicate.

"The very suit he has on," Cohen sneered, "was stolen from an office at No. 145 Duane street, Oct. 11."

Mr. Groehl sent for the owner of the suit, which had been reported stolen at that time. The merchant identified Helman's suit as his own. Detective Thomas was called in and Helman was arrested and taken before Magistrate Murphy, who held him in \$2,000 bail, which he could not furnish.

Cohen told Mr. Groehl that private watchmen have duplicate keys made to lofts where quantities of valuable silks are stored, and furnish them to members of the syndicate, with minute instructions as to ways of avoiding being caught during the robbery.

Policemen are bribed to stay away from the neighborhood, or in the event an arrest is made, are paid to present a weak case in court. Mr. Groehl refused to go into particulars, but said that Cohen has furnished him with a number of names of policemen and watchmen against whom prosecutions for bribery and aiding in robberies can be built up.

Convicted of Poisoning Fowls.

FRANKFORD-ON-MAINE, Germany, Jan. 17.—Carl Hopf, a local druggist, was sentenced to death here today on charges of killing his two children, his father and his first wife, by administering poison. He was also accused of attempting to murder his second and third wives and another person in order to obtain their insurance, which amounted to large sums.

SUING D. H. BLAIR, WIFE SAYS FAILED BANKER HID RICHES

Asking Separation, She Also Charges He Used Her in Plot Against Financier.

AND SHE EXPOSED IT.

Former Partner in Blair Bros. Said to Have Rolled in Wealth All the Time.

In a separation suit filed in the Supreme Court today, Mrs. Beatrice G. Blair charges that her husband, David H. Blair, concealed more than \$50,000 in cash and securities from creditors when Blair Brothers failed for more than \$1,000,000 about a year ago. Mrs. Blair says that her husband is now engaged as a money broker under the name of George H. Van Dever & Co. of No. 27 William street and that his income is more than \$10,000 a day.

Mrs. Blair asks alimony at the rate of \$100 a week. Argument for Mrs. Blair will be made by her attorney, Herman I. Roth, when the case comes before Justice Seabury Monday. She complains of cruelty and non-support and mentions a Miss Dora Saul, who the wife says has monopolized the attentions of Blair.

A paragraph in the complaint reads: "When the bankruptcy proceedings came up he told me that he had accounts in various banks under fictitious names, although he testified that he had none. The concern of George H. Van Dever & Co. is really the defendant and his brother, Walter."

ALWAYS HAD \$100,000 A YEAR, DESPITE FAILURE.

Mrs. Blair then says that after their marriage in September, 1909, the most confidential relations existed between her and her husband. Because of their confidences she says she is able to inform the court that Blair had never made less than \$100,000 a year since his marriage. She says they lived at the rate of \$600 a week in expensive localities, and that he has spent at least \$75,000 a year.

After reciting instances when she alleged Blair struck her and even hurled at her head a hair brush which was broken, she tells of an occasion when her husband dislocated her finger and then struck her on the bridge of the nose with a hand mirror which dislocated her eye and bruised her face.

The most serious charge against Blair is based on what his wife alleges occurred in December, 1912. A wealthy and very prominent Wall street banker, whose name she withholds, had been for years friendly to Blair and had carried Blair loans in times of acute financial stress. Mrs. Blair says that her husband's residence of this banker was in Virginia. Mrs. Blair further swears that her husband's proposal embodied the suggestion that he follow her to the banker's house and find her in a compromising condition. The plan never materialized. Mrs. Blair asserts, because she went to the banker and exposed the plot.

TELLS WHERE HE AND GIRL SPENT SUMMERS.

Mrs. Blair recites names and places where she says her husband and Miss Saul, who is a clerk model in a fashionable Fifth avenue establishment, spent summers. She also alleges, on information and belief, that at one time Miss Saul instituted suit for breach of promise against Blair, she not knowing of Blair's marriage.

Corroborating Mrs. Blair's charges that the banker concealed assets when his firm went under, are affidavits made by Miss Fanny Bernstein and her sister, Lena Setlin, both of whom are acquainted with Blair. Miss Bernstein declares that Blair told her that he put away a "lot of money" so that his wife and creditors would not know anything about his finances.

Miss Bernstein tells of an evening when she met Blair and when he exposed a roll of bills, which he said amounted to \$1,000 and which he referred to as "the customary profits of one day's business."

So far Blair has not answered his wife's complaint. Since the failure of his firm Blair and his brother are said to have rehabilitated themselves in Wall Street, and are now regarded as prosperous, despite the disaster which befell their banking business. Mrs. Blair was an opera singer before her marriage, having appeared in minor parts in the Metropolitan's cast several times.

CHILDREN PLAY WITH GAS JET—NEARLY DIE

Mother Returns Home and Finds Little Ones Unconscious—Pulmotor Aids Them.

When Mrs. Mary Nundato returned to her home at No. 49 Havemeyer street, Brooklyn, at 8:30 o'clock yesterday afternoon, she found her three children, Frank, four; Madeleine, three, and Louise, two, unconscious in bed. The unlighted gas jet was turned on full.

For more than an hour Dr. Fligen, an ambulance surgeon from the Eastern District Hospital, worked over them with a pulmotor. Failing to bring them to consciousness he removed them to the hospital.

It was said this morning that all would recover.

Mrs. Nundato was placed under guard, as she threatened to commit suicide. It was said by the police that the children had turned on the gas while sleeping.

TWO-THREE-FOUR-FIVE-SIX-SEVEN-EIGHT-NINE-OUT!

Never Mind the Air, Boys, He's Only a Poor Copy Reader.

HANDS OFF, OFFICER!

This One Was Committed Beyond the Three-Mile Limit.

Ye ho! my lads. Pipe aft and listen to this merry lay. Fifteen men on a dead man's chest isn't it with this latest yarn of the men who go down to the sea in ships and bob up serenely on the crest of the wave.

Down off Sandy Hook, where pirates await to grab vessels safely into port, there dwell the bravest and hardest of men. Their dwelling is a temporary one, to be sure, and the latitude and longitude of their home shifts as do the shifting sands. Their home is the steam pilot boat New Yorker and it is given to these sons of the sea to observe unusual sights, uncanny sounds and strange experiences.

Capt. William Grant of the pilots steered the tank steamer Wapello of the Standard Oil Company into port this morning. Last night he was on the New Yorker with many more of his brother chauffeurs of the deep. While the pilots are waiting for ships they take their watch on deck just as captains and mates do at sea. Capt. Grant was on deck while the others were below, sweeping the horizon with the night glass.

SAW TWO ELEPHANTS ON THE PORT BOW.

"Two elephants, side by side, on the port bow," he reported. And he shouted the news down below into the cabin.

"Forget it!" they yelled back at him, but each hardy seaman in the cabin was uneasy.

"Two giraffes, side by side, on the port bow," came the second report.

"Close the hatch!" they cried back at him, but anxious looks were exchanged by the pilots.

"Two lions, side by side, on the port bow," was the next report shouted down from the deck.

The crewer is requested at this stage to take a long breath.

"Good gracious!" cried Capt. Edward Pratt, "and we have no doctor on board."

"Two camels, side by side, on the port bow," came the next report.

All thoughts of dinner were forgotten. The pilots swung around in their compass-like chairs and glass eyes were directed to the companion way.

"If he says monkeys," said Capt. Butler, thoughtfully.

"Two tigers, side by side, on the port bow," was the next report to be lodged in the logbook.

The pilots all rose to their sea legs. In their eyes were desperate looks, as they clung to their chairs. For sailors men are superstitious men. With bated breath they waited.

"Two mermaids, side by side, on the port bow!"

The men of the life-on-the-ocean-way waited to hear no more.

"Avast!" they yelled and poured out on the deck like men with the cutlasses in the days of old, ready to repel boarders, or to spring from deck to deck in wild and bloody fray.

The men paused and looked out on the east wind-swept